Another rest camp for a day or so, Then "40 Homme or 8 Cheveaux", To St. Nazaire, down by the sea, To dig more ditches and help the Q. M. C.

Vin Blanc, Vin Rouge, cognac and bier, Wee Wee madam, toute de suite monsieur, Encore cognac, encore de bier, Says Chop "I think I'll stay over here".

We are leaving here the news went round, Nick, Davis and Beal couldn't be found, The rest went to Donnamah near Tonnerre, In a few days they overtook us there.

Everybody took sick with the Spanish Flu; All save one toughed it through; Grant W. Rector, one loved by all, Was left to rest till the trumpets call.

Again orders came to board the train, This time for St. Die, in Alsace Lorraine. We finally reached there and duties begun For sake of justice against the Hun.

Still bier was beaucoup, they say Preacher got drunk And had to get help to find his bunk. A Bosch plane sailed over with a pumping gun; Challenged Dorsey for a race, and Dorsey won.

Fighting was brief in this Sector, But things were different, oh by Hector, When we moved near Verdun, the first of November, Things happened there we will always remember.

Jack Johnsons and shrapnel were falling like rain; We had to go back to the trenches again; No time to ponder, no time to play, Do your duty or Hell was to pay.

The guns were roaring, it sounded like Hell, The strechers bore in the wounded that fell; Some with missing limbs, unable to walk; Others being gassed and unable to talk.

Covered in mud and clothes torn to bits, They brought them in shocked out of wits; Wounds from shrapnel, cold steel, and lead, Some were dying, others brought in dead.

Thus things went without shift of scene
Till November eleventh, nineteen eighteen.
"Cease firing at eleven" the news went round,
At a quarter past, you couldn't hear a sound.

Silence so acute you could almost hear it, Joy so abundant we could hardly bear it, Thoughts of home and loved ones left there, More like a dream than Finis la Guerre.